

THE BLOOD OF HIS SIRS

By C. R. LEWIS

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There was hunger in the house of the wolf.

When night had come down there had come with it from the crest of the mountains, from the black mouths of the passes, from the depths of the dismal canyons, a wind that cut like a knife and shriveled like fire, and now and then a gust had brought hail to sting like bird shot. The wolf had gone back to his lair and given up the hunt for the night. There would be no game about for him in such weather.

When morning came the weather had softened a bit, and there were snowflakes flying about in wild confusion. The wolf sat up at the mouth of his lair and whined and complained. As he felt the pangs of hunger he howled dementally. No beast of prey can find his game blindfolded. Back in the cave was a mother wolf, with her two young, softly growling to herself as she heard the howls of the father.

By and by the wind ceased for a moment, as if smothered by the falling flakes, and then it came with noisy complaint up the narrow valley and around the rocky cliffs and big bowlders. The wolf ceased howling. The wind brought him a faint scent. He stood on his hind legs and pawed the air and sniffed and showed his fangs. A moment later he signaled for the mother wolf to join him. She also reared up and sniffed at the air.

It surely was the scent of game. It was feeble and came from afar, but it was worth investigation. With a half angry growl at each other, born of hunger and greed, the wolves bounded away down the wind. The falling curtain of snow limited their vision to yards, but a wolf's nose guides him after he becomes blind of old age.

"We will go out this morning," said the leader of the pack patrol to his men. "We will go north, east, south and west. The buffaloes will be lying up in the thickets in such a storm as this, and the wolves will be hungry to find them."

They went in pairs, the strong and hearty men who leave the seasons to protect life in the great park set aside for the nation away up where the waters of the muddy Missouri are as cold as the Arctic ocean and as clear as glass.

The buffaloes would have only one enemy on such a day—the big timber wolf. The bear would wait for better weather to search for his food. The men turned their backs on each other, leaned forward on their snowshoes and in thirty seconds were hidden from each other's sight. They knew the woods, the thickets, the spots where the buffalo would seek for shelter, and they skirted or passed through such places with the stealthy tread of shadows.

"Hark! It is the snarl of a wolf!" The two men who had gone to the north halted in their tracks with hand to ear and listened. As the wind had brought the scent to the wolf at the door of his lair so it also brought the menacing snarl of a beast of prey to the expectant patrolers.

"Wolves, for sure!" "And after buffalo! Straight ahead!" The wolves had followed the scent to its source. A buffalo bull and three or four cows, scattered some distance from the main herd, were sheltered in a small grove on the bank of a creek. The bull had come to his prime in the wild and rugged park. He was not a stranger to the grunts of the bear and the snarl of the wolf. They had met him many times, and many times he had defied them, though it had never come to open attack. Both wolf and bear appeared to have an intuition that the buffalo was under man's protection and that it would not do to go too far.

With the scent coming stronger at every jump, the wolves at length broke through the dead vines and straggled cedars to find themselves upon their prey. In front of the thicket was an open glade. They paused here for a moment to plan the attack, and as they planned they whined and snarled and growled. They did not want to have anything to do with the bull. The cows were not fighters, and their flesh was more tender. If they became frightened at the growling they would make a bolt for it and separate.

The bull had caught sight of his enemies as they broke cover. He never had seen a timber wolf at such close quarters. Something told him that they were hungry and desperate and that they would attack. He gave a shiver of apprehension and almost started to flee. Then the blood of his sires came surging through him. They had fought the wolves of the prairie, the wolves of the timber, the lions of the foothills. Many had been killed down after a long, hard battle, but not one had ever turned tail and run away. With a call to stand their ground and with head and tail up and eyes beginning to burn, he dashed out of his covert to begin the battle. He had built, and he must have freedom of movement. The wolves, surprised by his sudden attack, gave way, but they did not go far.

"We shall see a fight worth talking of," said one of the patrolers as both took positions of vantage. "The wolves are big and hungry and cunning, but if the bull is not the son of his father we will kill him for a coward. Now the battle begins!"

The wolves separated to make the attack. They were done with snarl and growl. They needed all their breath for sterner work. While one dashed at the muzzle of the bull the other sought to gain his rear and hamstring him.

A long leap and a savage bite would do the trick. The bull bore no scars of former combats, but instinct told him what to do. His wheelings were so swift that every spring of the wolf was disappointed, and twice within ten minutes a pair of cloven hoofs caught the shaggy beast in the ribs and rolled him over and over in the snow. Then the pair gathered in front to make an attack on the throat. It was only a feint intended to force the bull back into the thicket, where his movements would be hampered. He had scarcely given ground when he saw through the game and blocked it.

"Did you see? Did you see?" gleefully exclaimed the elder patroler as he sooty clapped his mittened hands together. "It was not mistaken in the bull. He is the son of his father!"

"But the timber wolf is cunning and tireless," replied the other, with doubt in his tones.

"Wait and you will see." The wolves sought to attack on both flanks at once. The bull needed agility here and he put it forth. There was a foot of snow on the open, but that was in his favor. For a quarter of an hour the wolves pursued their plan and two or three times the teeth of one or the other inflicted scratches on the clean hide, but they were not serious, and they circled and leaped in vain. Then they lay panting in the snow, their red tongues seeming half the length of their bodies. It was another feint. It was to lead the bull to believe that he had gained the victory and send him moving off. He would not have taken ten steps before they would have been upon him. He stood his ground and uttered a low howl. It was a command to the cows to stand their ground also.

"But the bull has not made an attack up to this time. Will he stand on the defensive and let them wear him out?"

"You wait. You see how his tail is beginning to twitch? See the new fire in his eyes? Watch his neck stiffen! I tell you there's a thunderbolt in that bull. He has sires that were game."

Of a sudden there was a bellow of anger and defiance, a rush on the part of the bull, and through the whirling blowing snow the patrolers saw the body of one of the wolves tossed high in air. They moved nearer, but the rushes of the bull scattered the snow as a whirlwind would and only at intervals could they catch sight of assailed and assailants moving about.

"Have they downed him?" was asked as the noises finally died away. "Let the snow settle. There—do you see? That wolf lying there has a broken back; the other is limping away on three legs. See the bull draw himself up and shake his head and lash his tail. Why, man, if there had been six of them instead of two he'd have fought and won. He has the blood of his sires, and blood will always tell."

The Last English Duel. The last duel—the last fatal one, at least—was fought in a field in Maiden Lane in a solitary part of Holloway in 1843. The districts acquired considerable notoriety from the event. It was the duel fought between Colonel Fawcett and Lieutenant Munro. The former was killed. The duelists were not only brother officers; they were also brothers-in-law, having married two sisters.

The coroner's jury on the inquest returned a verdict of willful murder not only against Lieutenant Munro, but against the seconds also. The latter, however, were absconded. Munro was the hands of justice by seeking refuge abroad. Four years later he surrendered to take his trial at the Old Bailey. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. He was, however, strongly recommended to mercy, and the sentence was eventually commuted to twelve months imprisonment.

The neighborhood in which this duel was fought is no longer solitary. A wide thoroughfare, known as the Brecknock road, runs through it, and a wide ground beside the Brecknock Arms appropriately indicates the place where the final shot was fired—Chambers' Journal.

Wanted—A Servant. Good servants are much in demand in Washington as well as in other cities. Mrs. R. has searched long and vainly for a fairly good general servant, a colored one, and at last in despair she stopped an elderly colored woman who looked as if she might have been one of the antebellum house servants, and therefore a reliable one, and made known her wants.

"I want a girl who is trusty and a good cook. I am willing to put out most of our laundry work and to give fair wages, but so far I haven't been able to engage one," said Mrs. R. "Don't you know of some one whom I can get?"

"Deed, no, lady, I don't," was the answer.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. R., "what shall I do?" "I dunno, fah shaw, lady, less'n you do as I has to—hire a white woman!"—Lippincott's.

How to Detect Arsenic. One of the familiar tests by which a chemist recognizes the presence of arsenic is the odor of garlic given off when one of its compounds is heated in the blowpipe flame. The same smell of garlic is produced when certain fungi grow on substances containing arsenic, and it is interesting to note that one species of fungus is found to accomplish this feat of chemical analysis more effectively when it is grown in connection with yellow algal cells—in other words, when it forms the plant association known as lichen. The above method of detecting arsenic seems especially applicable to cases of poisoning where the substance is mixed with organic matter which would form a suitable medium for the culture of the fungus.

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PERFUMES OF THE EAST. The Crusades Brought Them From the East Land to the West.

During the dark ages and in early medieval times perfumes, with the exception of incense for ecclesiastical use, were almost unknown, and the rude Saxons and the Normans and the Saxon and the Norman barons and their spouses were quite content with the smell of wood fires and huge masses of roast or seethed meat and were not at all solicitous to enjoy the pleasure of sweet odors. It seems to have been the crusaders who brought from the Holy Land into western Europe the perfumes for which the east has from time immemorial been renowned. The original home of perfumes was either China or Egypt. In the last named country the priests of the temple of Heliopolis used to offer every day to their divinity three kinds of perfumes: one in the morning, the second at noon and the third at night, the last being a scent composed of sixteen ingredients, forming an ensemble called kaphi. The universality of perfumes in ancient Greece is known to every one who remembers the delightful descriptions of the perfumed baths of Roman ladies in Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii" and from Helias the use of perfumery spread to Rome, where, under the empire, almost every object was scented.

Even the standards of the legions were perfumed, and the velarium of the Coliseum when the emperor was present was dusted with aromatic powder. The successive invasions of the barbarians led to the shutting up of the perfumers' shops with which the Eternal City had abounded, and until the time of the Renaissance perfumery in Italy was only vented by a few apothecaries. Its use, however, had not died out in Constantinople, and at the fall of the Greek empire the Byzantine Greeks found that their Turkish conquerors were as passionately fond of perfumery as they themselves were.

Sweet essences for secular use were first made at a little of trade in France by one Rene of Rinaldo, a Florentine, who came to Paris in the suite of Catherine de Medici, to whom the French people likewise owe the introduction of confectionery and of the violent rumor is to be credited the concoction of at least half a dozen subtle poisons.

THE TIME WILL COME—When it will be a disgrace not to work when one is able. When to get up in the morning and poorer will be considered a disgrace. When the same standard of morality will be demanded of men as of women. When the golden rule will be regarded as the soundest business philosophy. When all true happiness will be found in doing the right and only the good will be found to be real. When the business man will find that his best interests will be the best interests of the man at the other end of the bargain. When all hatred, revenge and jealousy will be regarded as boomerangs which inflict upon the thrower the injury intended for others. When the "best society" will consist of men and women of brains, culture and achievement, rather than those whose chief merit and distinction lie in the possession of unequalled fortunes.—Success Magazine.

Varying Weight of the Body. A physician points out that several fallacies are common with regard to the weight of the human body. The man who congratulates himself on his gain of several pounds in weight in a given period may have no cause for rejoicing, for he may be under a delusion. Very few persons, says the investigator, have any correct idea of their own weight. As a matter of fact, the weight of the body is continually changing owing to innumerable influences. On a warm day, after breakfast, a man will lose more than a third of a pound per hour. Seventy per cent of the body contains water, and its weight varies constantly. The inference to be drawn from the loss or gain of a pound or two may be mistrusted. Fluctuations of a few ounces are a sign that the body is in a healthy state.

Grant-Who-Will Tower. Anne, the duchess in wooden shoes, who brought Brittany in the pocket of her wedding gown to her husband, the king of France, kept the government for herself, and when the bishop of St. Malo protested against the stronghold which she built to cow the too independent Malouins she carved on her tower the irreverent inscription, which may still be read there, "Grant who will, so shall it be; 'tis my pleasure," and the tower "Grant-Who-Will" (Quiconque osera) it remains to this day.

Her Little Composition. A class was reciting in a school. "Who can give me," said the teacher, "a sentence in which the words 'bit' and 'end' are used?" "Up jumped a little girl excitedly. 'I can, teacher. The cat ran under the bureau and the dog ran after her and bit her end.'"

Outraging. "I want ten two-cent stamps," said Mrs. Younger, "and please charge them, because I have no change." "We don't do that, madam," replied the clerk in the postoffice. "The idea! Why not? We always get our letters from you."—Philadelphia Ledger.

No Indemnity. Gambetta once offered a prefecture, with a salary of 6,000 francs, to an incorrigible Bohemian, who, however, declined with thanks, saying, "I can make more than that by harpocing."

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